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plars that had not yet been seized, and them to safely keep in the castle of Dublin, together with those who were before apprehended.

Their doom was not finally fixed until "1312, in which year, on the morrow of Saint Lucia the virgin, the moon appeared variously coloured; on which day it was finally determined that the order of Knights Templars should be totally abolished."

The trial of those who were seized was conducted with great solemnity in Dublin before friar Richard Balybyn, minister of the order of Dominicans in Ireland; friar Philip de Slane, lecturer of the same; and friar Hugh St. Leger; among other witnesses were Roger de Heton, guardian of the Franciscans; Walter de Prendergast, their lecturer; Thomas, the abbot; Simon, prior of the abbey of St. Thomas the Martyr, and Roger the prior of the Augustinian friary in Dublin. The depositions against them were weakly supported; yet they were condemned, and their lands and possessions of every kind granted to their rivals—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an order still represented by the Knights of Malta.

In England many of the knights were committed to monasteries, there to do penance for their supposed offences, with a daily allowance of four pence to each. The

grand master was allowed two shillings per day. To many of their chaplains the king allowed three pence per day for their diet, and twenty shillings yearly for their stipend or livery: their servants had two pence per day, and inferior servants one penny, and either five or ten shillings yearly for their livery; and for this allowance they were to perform the same services they had before done for the knights; and in Ireland the king, on petition of the master, granted the manors of Kilcloghan, Crooke, and Kilbarry for their support.

The possessions of the order in Ireland were very considerable; they had, in addition to their chief seat of Kilmashnam, the prior of which sat as a baron in parliament, two other commanderies in this county, viz—Clontarf, which furnishes the present illustration, and Baldungan in the barony of Balrothery, besides many others in various parts of the kingdom.

In conclusion, the Knights Templars after figuring a brief space on the stage of life, and astonishing the world, first by their virtues and afterwards by their vices, have passed away like a falling meteor, and sunk into eternal night, are now only remembered as

"The baseless fabric of a vision."



RUINS OF THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY, ADAIR.

The ancient town of Adair, or as some antiquarians write it, Adare, in the barony of Coshma, and county of Limerick, is about one hundred and ten miles from the city of Dublin, and nine from Limerick. There is not, perhaps, in the whole province of Munster so beautifully situated a village as Adair. Its lonely and unfrequented shades, and the venerable and magnificent ruins of its castle, and once splendid religious edifices, raise in the mind of the occasional visitor sensations and emotions the most sublime and delightful. From ancient records we find its name written Athdare or *Ath-daar*, which signifies the "Ford of Oaks;" and it must have been formerly a place of great beauty, consequence, and strength. It contains three large religious establishments; and above we present our readers with a view of The Poor Abbey, as it was called, being a foundation of Friars Minors, of the strict order of St. Francis. The remains of this abbey are elegantly picturesque; its mouldering walls being covered with a mantle of ivy. It was a very extensive building, in the old Gothic style of

architecture. It is said to have been founded in the reign of the first Edward, by John, earl of Kildare, having attached to it a large tract of ground on the north side of the river. On the south side an Augustinian abbey was founded, known by the name of the black abbey, of which there still exist some very beautiful and romantic remains in good preservation. But what appears to have been the most important establishment was the white abbey, or the house of the Holy Trinity, instituted for the redemption of captives, and founded by an earl of Kildare about the year 1271, to which was attached very large possessions, which were granted with all their appurtenances and other premises, on the fourth of November, in the 37th of Queen Elizabeth, to Sir H. Wallop, Knight. The entrance to this abbey was by a low gate on the west side, which is yet partly standing, and with the other ruins of this very large edifice, present a gloomy yet fanciful picture to the eye of the spectator. What, perhaps, is a curious circumstance in ecclesiastical history, we find that in 1610, the rectory

Ashdare belonged to the nunneries of the white abbey.

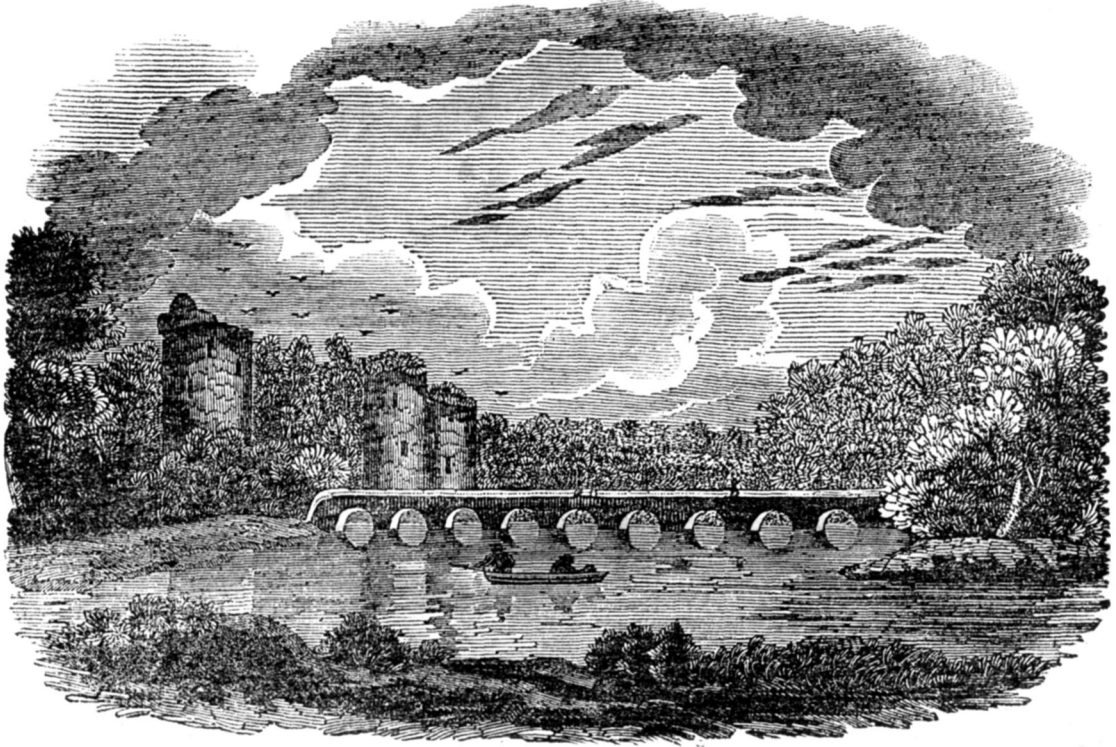
The Rectory of Adair is at present in the possession of the Croker family—the vicarage only belongs to the church. The Quin family (Earls Dunraven) are the Lords of the soil: and it has two fairs, which are held in March and October.

The following engraving represents the bridge of Adair,

over the river Maize (which is navigable for large boats); and the castle of the Earls of Desmond, built as if to command and guard the passage. The ruins show that it must have been a place of great strength; and its situation was chosen by a warrior who knew the value of the pass which it was raised to defend. It was finally and completely dismantled in the rebellion of 1641.

J. L. L.

CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ADAIR.



GRACE KEVIN.

I had been five years curate of the small parish of Burhielaw, when, as I was going out early one morning my usual round, I met several men, accompanied by two or three Peelers, who bore between them the body of a man laid on a shutter.

"Who is it?" I inquired.

"Farmer Ryan, Sir, whom we found in the field by St. Mary's well."

"What has happened to him?"

The Peeler drew aside the great coat that was thrown over him, and showed me the face of the dead. He had met with the fate of Sisera—a nail was fixed in his temple. I shrunk back with sudden disgust—a sick and miserable feeling came over me. It was the first time I had looked upon such a spectacle; and the composure with which every other eye was fixed upon it, even at that painful moment, struck me forcibly.

"How did you discover him?" was my first question, when I spoke again.

"Our attention, Sir, was excited by the peculiar barking and unusual movements of a little dog, which, I believe, belonged to the deceased. We followed it, and in a dry ditch we discovered the body."

"Have you any traces—any suspicion?"

The Peelers looked down and were silent. I took the hint, and asked no more questions. I went away sorrowful and desponding. None but those who have experienced them, can tell the painful feelings with which a clergyman beholds these terrible proofs that he preaches in vain. It was but yesterday morning that I had seen farmer Ryan in health and strength, and had urged upon him—for he was a Protestant, though a Dissenter—the absolute necessity of changing the dissolute life he led. Of all my parishioners, he was the least fit for the awful eternity into which he had entered so suddenly. I recalled

the evil tenor of his past life, and his faint assurances of amendment for the future, in reply to my earnest expostulations; and now no time had been given him—he was gone, and his great account with him! At that moment I felt as if I had not spoken with sufficient warmth—as if the forms of human society, and the respect for individual feeling, had made that voice weak, and those words cold, to which I would now have given a tremendous energy. At the time, I thought that my zeal had almost verged on imprudence; but under the immediate impression of his sudden death, it appeared as if my remonstrance had been languid and feeble. The next day I was required to be present at the inquest held on the body of farmer Ryan. On one point my testimony was important. I was believed to have been the last person who had seen him alive; but the evidence obtained proved that this was not the case. From my house he had gone to that of a woman who sold whiskey, and there his drunken habits had so far prevailed over his good resolutions, that he staid drinking till nearly intoxicated, and then left the "public" to go home. A man, however, proved that he did not reach his own house, but was seen to enter the cabin of Grace Kevin, from whence no evidence was adduced in proof of his departure. It is wonderful how often the most trifling circumstances lead to the detection of murder. The man who gave his evidence declared, that he should not have known it was farmer Ryan, but that as he went in at the little gate his coat caught in a nail, and he heard him continually say, "damn it;" otherwise, the evening was so far advanced, and the deceased's hat so slouched over his face, that he should not have been able to have sworn positively to his identity. The police now came forward, and stated, that the steps which had been traced from the field in which the farmer was found to the cabin of Grace Kevin and her mother, answered to the feet of both those persons. The coroner went him-